

The Affair of the Liner. AGNIFIQUE!" ejaculated the Counters de Conde beneath her breath, "Eh?" questioned the Count, turning toward his young wife. "What is it that is magnificent?" and the Count bent his eyes in various directions in quest of the object of her admiration. "Oh, nothing at all, my dear," replied the Countess, a slight momentarily coloring her already pink cheek. "I was but recalling with niration those stupendous skyscrapers, as they call them, of New York," I the fair Counters settled herself more comfortably in her steamer chair resumed the magazine which "nothing at all" had caused her to let fall from from for the players.

"You have but to slip your hand in

The accusement is ridiculous." This was the hard again buried himself in his book, but not without a mild was realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have realised an admiration for the very buildings she had but reductly have reductly the Count put down his beautiful the policy of the had an admiration to the first she had the second to the second the state of the second t

impossible, Raoul. It cannot be. Nikolas is under arrest in Germany."

"So I thought myself until I saw him to note the finge to note the finge sequence, Paulvitch. Olga, I cannot tendure his persecution much longer, No, not even for you, Sconer or later whom Rokoff was the might discove in the captain the fellow the captain the captain the captain the captain before we land. On

As her furtive glance rested upon his ster of War.

Souther he rose to leave the deck. The Countess de Coude beckoned to a passemage steward.

"Who is that gentleman?" she asked "He is booked, madam, as Monsieur Tarsan of Africa," replied the steward.

"Bather a large estate," thought the tively about the room, but his eyes did the count. Tarsan walked slowly toward the smirror to note the reflection of Tarsan's mirror to note the reflection of T

of the Series of 10 "The Trail to Yesterday" WILL Begin Ment Mont

raised it to Tarzan's breast and policy for the common lay that the click on an empty chamber—the state of an anxiety python; there was a quite face, tearing desperately at the cruck of an anxiety python; there was a quite face, tearing desperately at the cruck of an anxiety python; there was a quite face, tearing desperately at the cruck of an anxiety python; there was a quite face, tearing desperately at the cruck of an anxiety python; there was a quite face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the the theory of the face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the the theory of the face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the theory of the face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the theory of the theory of the face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the theory of the tear of the face, tearing desperately at the cruck of the tearing desperately at the cruck of the tear of

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